THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

VOL. VII.] *New-York....Saturday, June* 11....1808. [NO. 7.

THE FATAL *EFFECTS OF REVENGE.*

(Concluded.)

I THEN begged permission to see my son, in order to fortify his resolution against the horror of the punishment. This melancholy favour was granted. I knew he possessed courage superior to his age; yet I imagined I should find him pale, distracted, and in the deepest consternation, at the approaching catastrophe. I found in his face, however, not only all the marks of health, but his mind in the greatest tranquility. I embraced him with tears in my eyes; I held him a long time in my arms, as well to calm, in some measure, the torments of my heart, as to give way to my tenderness: he, most affectionately returned my caresses, but with an unweeping eye, a composed voice, and a serene countenance.

I could not comprehend the meaning of this insensibility. It was now no longer time to flatter him with vain consolations. I sat down; I made him sit by me. "Ah! my son!" said I to him, "whence comes this tranquility? Do you still entertain the false hope of pity, which I have not found in any of your judges?"

He answered me calmly that he knew all—that death had now nothing terrible—that he had bid adieu to life—that the principles upon which he had acted were such as would, he hoped, vindicate his memory with every gentleman—that the revenging a father and a mother on two such wretches; who fled from punishment, was a duty he thought himself indispensibly forced to; and that, though the judges thought otherwise, these principles, which were deeply fixed in his heart, consoled him, nevertheless, under all his misfortunes.

"But you perish!" cries I—"The scaffold is prepared—Your sentence cannot be delayed three days!"—"Whilst you was absent, he replied, with the same serenity, "I must confess it made an impression on me; at present, I am perfectly tranquil." Regarding me then, with a look of melancholy tenderness, "You know of relief, which you must not deny me, and such a crisis will admit of no delay."—"Relief!" interrupted I, "can I know of any who"——

A deep sigh, the only one which he could not check, forced a passage from his breast. "On any other occasion," returned he, "I never could have allowed myself to recall to your mind such excruciating reflections; but, pardon my situation, our honour requires it. What have I to dread, with the assistance of that which an unhappy error made you administer to my mother?"

The horrible ideas, raised all of a sudden by this explanation, can scarce be conceived; all my successive misfortunes never had roused such dreadful feelings. "O my son, said I, in a faultering voice, trembling at the same time with horror and pity, "from whom do you demand this relief! Can you expect it from the hand of a father?" "Yes," replied he, in a firm tone, "with you alone I can entrust your honour, and my own."

I remained immoveable, without returning an answer, my soul torn with a thousand opposite sensations. Impelled, however, by the prejudices of honour, I thought, that whatever could prevent the ignominy of the punishment, nay, even that of the sentence, was infinitely preferable to a few hours of life passed in the horrors of so cruel an expectation; yet to assist, with my own hands, in the death of my son; to prepare and present to him the empoisoned draught, my heart, my imagination, revolted at the horrible office. This conflict could not be terminated but by an expedient still more tragical. I resolved to provide poison for two, and to swallow my part of it at the same time that I presented my son with his. This idea suddenly calmed my agitations: I now felt that there was not a moment to loose; and afraid lest the remainder of the day should not suffice for my design, I rose hastily, and embraced my son: "you shall be satisfied," says I, "but you shall not die alone—I shall be with you in an hour."

In a great city, it is not difficult to procure the most mortal ingredients. By the assistance of a faithful valet, I was provided in an hour. I returned immediately to prison, with some papers in my hand, in order to avoid suspicion, as if I had no other intention than settling some family affairs. The delay of a few minutes had already made him impatient; but, as soon as he saw me appear with the liquor, and hold up the phial which contained it, then joy was painted in his countenance. "Let me observe the colour,' said he, stretching out his hand with an eager look. "Appearances," replied I, with a tone that seemed to reproach his superfluous curiosity, "change not the effects;' and, without the least suspicion, delivered to him the phial for a moment; but, instead of observing the liquor, he suddenly swallowed the whole at one draught. Conceive, if possible, the excess of my sur-

prise and confusion. I became immoveable ; my son smiled at my consternation, of which he easily devined the cause. He had conjectured my design from the few words that had escaped. I observed, that he was pleased with his address, and I could not stifle a kind of resentment. "What have you gained,' said I, "by retarding my resolution for a few moments, do you think you can carry with you a secret, of which I have but to well learned the efficacy, by the fatal proofs I have made of it ?" He confessed that, having guessed my design, he had resolved to deprive me of the opportunity of executing it immediately, in hopes of making me drop it altogether, by the strong reasons he had to advance against it. He then forced me to sit down, and listen to him.

His discourse was calm and judicious, as if he had not drank the deadly draught, yet were his arguments of no weight with me ; all that he judged capable of reconciling me to life, my personal interests, the interest of his brother, for whom he endeavoured to awaken all my paternal tenderness, made not the least impression on my heart ; all seemed to glance upon an impenetrable surface ; I shaked my head, and smiled in my turn at the weakness of his reasons. But the all-powerful, irresistible argument was reserved to the last. "If honour," says he, "was so dear to you as to induce you to precipitate the death of my mother, and now to prevail upon you to hasten mine, can you shut your eyes to the consequences of your present resolution ?—Two deaths so sudden ! can they ever pass for natural events ? Should justice proceed with the least rigour, with what infamy will not our memory be branded !' He stopped a moment to read my sentiments in my eyes. He then resumed : "By allowing me, on the other hand, to die alone, nothing will be observed in my death but an ordinary accident, and our honour is thereby sheltered from reproach.'

This mournful reasoning had all the force he could wish. I was so sensibly struck with it, that, without the least objection, I abandoned my design. My silence, however, was the only consent he could obtain. I fell upon his neck, which I bathed with my tears, and throwing my arms around him, kept him fast locked in my embrace. In this attitude we were, when the goaler came to advertise me that it was time to retire. As I went out, my son, with his head reclined and his eyes half shut, asked if he might rely upon my promise ? "Yes," said I, the only word I had power to pronounce : "well, then, replied he, with calmness I expect my fate."

The manner of our adieu, and our last expressions, which did not escape the goaler, served next day to divert any suspicion with regard to the cause of his sudden death.

I went to the prison in the morning, when the goaler informed me that, on entering my son's chamber at the ordinary hour, he had found him dead in his clothes; and that the surgeons, by whom he had been immediately visited, had discovered no mark of violence. All prepared, as I was, for this fatal piece of intelligence, my spirits could not support me—I fainted away. On recovering, however, I immediately waited on the first president, and demanded the body of my son, which he most obligingly granted; and I delivered it over to a kinsman, who took the charge of transporting it to the tomb of our ancestors.

To give you a detail of my feelings since that time, would afford you only a mournful picture of all that can rack the human heart. Such, however, are the motives which have induced me to retire to the abbey de la Trappe, and such are the reasons which support me in a penance, which, however painful and revolting to human nature, can never sufficiently atone to heaven for my crimes.

PRESENT MODE OF *FEMALE EDUCATION CONSIDERED.*

AT a time, and in an age when the female mind, generally speaking, is much more under the influence of sentiment than principle; and when the mode of female education appears to be much better calculated to confine the sex to a *secondary* instead of a *primary* place in the order of rational beings, I shall in no respect think my time or labour either mispent or misapplied by endeavouring to stimulate the female mind to the acquisition of principles that may render both sentiment and feeling subservient to solid sense, refined taste, correct judgment, and true humanity.

As beings endowed with reason and consequently capable of the highest degree of intellectual improvement, the female sex is in no respect inferior to our own. And where there is a discernable inferiority, the cause of such inferiority will, if critically enquired into, be found to originate either in an improper mode of education and study, or an inexcusable indulgence of parents.

Daily to examine, and carefully to watch, the improvement of the human mind, and earnestly and impartially to enquire into the cause of its assents and dissents; to investigate all its operations with a desire to discover whether its notions and its decisions are properly the effect of its own labour, or whether they are the result of impressions made by others, or by something from without us, is a very useful and a very desirable employment. It is an employment that will require care, industry,

and perseverance, rather than deep thought, laborious research, or intense application. And the advantages arising from such an employment will be no less durable than valuable. They will, and must contribute very essentially to a formation and stability of conduct. They will give to the mind that confidence in its own powers which will eventually lead to just discrimination of character, to true taste and sound judgment. Indolence is the greatest enemy we have: it is no less injurious to strength and purity of mind, than to health and vigour of body. To an industrious and unremitted application of the intellectual faculties, many of the first rate characters of this and every preceding age are, and have been, more, much more indebted, than to the possession of talents in any respect naturally superior to those of their neighbours and contemporaries. Absolute ignorance is not the fault of the present age. Knowledge of the lighter kind is more universally diffused than at any former period. It is taught more expeditiously than heretofore. But the knowledge that is hastily and superficially acquired, ought never to be considered as our *own*, until we have made it such by reflection, study, and investigation. For it is not knowledge, but it is the proper application of it, that gives a visible and decided ascendency of advantages to those whose talents are continually employed in giving strength and effect to the powers of the human understanding. Minds that success greatly elates, or misfortunes greatly depress—minds that trifles can divert, and opinions can influence, can never have been properly formed. In these cases, the work of education has done little or no good. Indeed it may be doubted whether in such instances it has not done an essential and almost irremediable injury. Where there are great inconsistencies, there may be great talents, but there must also be great weaknesses. And as the female world has long been distinguished by the appellation of the *weaker* sex, I should feel myself exceedingly happy if I could but prevail on it to adopt a resolution so to exercise its powers of investigation, as to be no longer deserving of the appellation. Great and sudden changes from one extreme to another, whether in point of sentiment, of opinion, or of fashion, are equally indicative of real weakness of mind. A fashion that a great mind dislikes, a great mind will never adopt. Whenever the dress, the manners, or the principles, of a frivolous, an unsteady, and an imbecile people are adopted, their weaknesses, their instabilities, and their frivolties will soon be generated, and the mass of mankind corrupted and undone. Neither sex can be at the same time frivolous *without*, and sound *within*. Where there is inconsistency, there the head must be wrong, or the heart corrupt. Nothing could occasion me more pain than to draw inferences

that are in any degree erroneous. But when we see more, abundantly more attention paid to the graces, accomplishments, and decoration of the person and fashion of the times, than to the virtues of the heart, the correctness of judgment or the energies of the mind, we cannot but wish, for the sake of posterity, that some able pen would recal us from the paths of momentary pleasure and temporary elevation, to the study and practice of those principles which will insure to us domestic happiness, social harmony and universal respect; which will give to virtue an ornament more valuable than the graces can bestow, and to character a dignity which nothing can injure or destroy.

It is on the character and the conduct of the fair sex that man must principally found his hopes of the aggregate of virtue and solid principle that is to be looked for in posterity. It is woman that has the care, almost exclusively, of our younger years; and it is to woman principally that all eminently religious and good characters are primarily indebted for the origin and foundation of their subsequent greatness. Take from women all share in the education and guardship of children; and religion, I doubt not, would soon be scarcely visible among us. How much then ought we to endeavour by every possible means, accurately to estimate the superior value of a well formed female mind, and to give to the character all the weight and importance which is so justly and so emmently due to it? Exclusively of religion, in what can the most pure and the most perfect happiness of man in this life consist, but in the endearing society of the female world! By this society the enjoyments of prosperity is heightened, and the sorrows of adversity wonderfully alleviated. In trouble, how much more firm; in sickness, how much more patient; in pain how much more firm and resigned, generally speaking, are women than men! Their attachments, when founded on a worthy object, and arising from virtuous principles and affections, no words can adequately describe. Nor is it in the power of art or of language to communicate to man that variety of pleasures, and that desirable and complete system of happiness, which is to be derived from virtuous and good women. In every walk, and in every stage of life, we receive fesh bounties of pleasures, of the most interesting and affecting kind, from their presence, conversation, and society. In our boyish days, what new delights, what added charms, have not their attentions frequently given to our acustomed sports and pastimes? How often has a look of approbation and a smile of applause from them, made us more daring in our attempts, and more preserving in our exertions? And their presence is more coveted in proportion as their value is more known. By them the sparing of

life unfolds to us all its charms, while imagination blossoms in all the purity of beauty, and every returning year brings us nearer to the object of our best affections.—By them the pleasures of manhood fasten on the heart, and become intrinsically valuable; whilst its cares and its troubles, its pains, its sorrows, and its disappointments are divided, eased, and lightened. In age, no abatement of affection is experienced; no assiduous attentions dispensed with. And if in the partner of our youth we have the happiness to behold, as we advance towards the confines of the grave, the affectionate wife, the discreet parent, the cheerful companion, and the faithful friend, life itself continues to be precious and desirable, because it dissolves not the union which alone makes it truly valuable.

The influence which women have in society, if virtuously and prudently applied, would be fully sufficient to effect a total reformation of manners in the world. In the presence of a virtuous woman the most abandoned profligate is under a restraint that he cannot break through, without dscending from a man to a brute; does it scarcely ever happen that the least disrespect is shown to a female, of any description, who does not omit to respect herself. Dress, manners, and conversation denominate character; and however inclined ladies may be to display a certain playful levity of disposition, an apparent indifference to the sober opinion of the world, and an ardent propensity to appear in whatever dress may be considered to be most fashionable, it sometimes happens that the exterior of manners and fashion bears no correspondent resemblance to the interior of virtue and principle. All external deviations from decency and propriety bespeak similar internal deviations from rectitude and honour. Decency and virtue should ever go hand in hand; for when they separate, the barrier of security is thrown down, and the treasure of the citadel remains to be contended for by every unprincipled by-stander.

The husband who wishes to live happily with the partner of his days; the father who wishes to enjoy in its fullest extent the society of his daughters; and brothers who wish to see respectability attached to the character and deportment of their sisters, can neither of them feel happy, when the manners and the dress of either are calculated to give birth to ideas that even only border on indelicacy or indiscretion.

In every point of view I feel the subject before me to be highly interesting and important. It involves in its discussion the most effectual means of establishing, promoting, and securing, on the most solid foundation, the domestic and the social happiness of the present and of future ages. By

giving *mind* to the fair sex, we shall make them equal to any thing that is attainable by rational beings; and by making them acquainted with their own powers, consequence, and influence in the scale of creation, they will gradully become more dignified, and less aspiring; more elevated, and less haughty; more amiable and less trifling; more useful, and less capricious; moreexquisitely fascinating, andless indelicately fashionable.

I am, &c.

L. C.

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From the following production, originally published in the Wheeling Repository, printed in the western part of Pennsylvania; it appears that a matrimonial quarrel had happened there, in which the young men of the place took part, by mounting the husband on a wooden horse. An account of this fracas was given by the editor, to which an inhabitant there has taken the liberty of making his protest against such proceedings.

Nor. Bug.

Mr. Editor,

It is very common for young, unmarried gentry, who see an angel in every pretty face, and find a heaven in every female smile, to take part with wives in all the domestic brawls which happen in your neighbourhood. Though this may be considered evidence of the generosity of your sentiments, it is not proof that you are always in the right. It is not proper for any man to decide positively on subjects where he is destitute of experience.

When you shall once have tasted of the hymeneal cup, you will find, that as it is not all gold that glitters, so every female is not kind, loving, and gentle, who meets the eye as such. "Favour is deceitful:" so are appearances.

Frowns cloud, and pouting spoils many a beautiful face. Lips, which apparently breathe nothing but the melifluous sweets of love, sometimes pour forth a torrent of abuse, which might exhaust the patience of a Socrates. You will find that husbands must bear and forbear much, and that if their patience is at last exhausted, they often deserve credit for their forbearance.

I make these remarks in reference to the notice you have taken, in your last paper, of a *daring outrage* lately committed upon one of the citizens of this place. You have introduced your observations with the apostolic injunction, *husbands, love your wives;* as if this injunction was violated by the occasional use of a little gentle correction. You surely forgot that the same high authority declares the necessity of *chastising those we love.*

There is another text of scripture or apostolic injunction, which you might have introduced with much greater propriety, viz. *wives be in subjection to your husbands.*—

If wives paid proper regard to this injunction, you may rest assured it would have a wonderful tendency to lessen domestic disturbances.

Why, sir, without order and subordination no family can be properly managed. By the principles of nature, by the laws both of God and man, the husband is made the head of the family; and his wife is required to be in subjection to him. How could he expect to preserve order among his domestics if he permitted his wife to set an example of disobedience, and defy his authority? Yet, sir, this often happens; and to this may fairly be attributed many of the domestic misfortunes which surround us. Nay, sir, it is not uncommon for certain *spirited dames* to insist on inverting the order of things, and placing their husbands under subjection. When this is attempted upon a man of independence, who is jealous of and determined to maintain his *prerogative*, a struggle ensues, in which *madam* is sometimes worsted, and then, bless me! what a yell she raises against her *brute of a husband*; and the poor man who has already suffered much, is straitway to be tarred and feathered, and carried, straddled upon a rail, through the streets. And for what? Why, forsooth, he would not submit to be put under *petticoat government*.

I do not say that this was the case with your *gentleman*—but this I know, since his *exaltation*, many husbands scarcely dare chirp in the hearing of their wives. No matter what tantrum madam takes into her noddle, she will brook no opposition. The husband must be all good humour and compliance, or he is sneeringly advised to take care, lest it should soon be his turn to take a tour on P.'s new wooden horse. In this state of things, I am by no means pleased to find you coming forward and publishing to the world, that the late outrage and violence "met with very general approbation." If such is the fact, it is high time for *some* husbands to look about themselves. All domestic subordination must soon be annihilated. Indeed, I apprehend that if our wives should take a freak or fancy to have escorts *à la mode de France*, we would have to indulge them or the "*youngsters of the place*" would be offended, and take cognizance of the matter. I have no notion of such a state of things and while I retain a portion of my ancient privileges, I take the liberty of entering my protest against it.

A HUSBAND.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

SINGULAR FASHIONS.

THE rage of fashion is not confined to the female sex in Europe alone; it extends its fantastic sway over the whole globe; and proud

as our fashionable belles may be of their refinement in dress, we may venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that they will never succeed in eclipsing the inventive genius which the fair-ones in the interior of America display in the disposal of their attire—though it consists of nothing else but the *skin* with which kind nature has furnished them.

No female Indian in America would be so indecent as to go abroad *naked*; the women in the interior of America being invariably compelled, by the tyranny of custom, to appear in public completely dressed, which they perform by besmearing the whole body with oil, and painting on it a great variety of figures in different colours; and travellers protest, that when thus arrayed they appear to great advantage at a distance. Another article of their dress consists of large teeth of fishes, suspended from their ears, which hung down to the shoulders, the tips of them being pierced by their mothers in their earliest infancy, and the holes gradually extend so much, that a hand might pass through. They wear rings in their nostrils, which hang down to the upper lip, a necklace composed of monkies teeth, and bracelets consisting of shells; ornaments which render them objects irresistibly bewitching in the eyes of the young men of taste and fashion.

The women of a certain Indian nation in America consider a very bulky calf to the leg as one of the greatest personal charms, and in order to put their girls in possession of this singular accomplishment, the mothers fasten strong rings round the legs of their female infants, below the knee, and above the ancles, which they wear all their life. These rings obstructing the free circulation of the blood, force it to extend that part of the leg which they confine; whence the calves attain a most astonishing size, which affords to these Indian belles a charm whose all-conquering power no young Indian gentleman is able to resist.—The beaus of the ladies with these bulky calves wear enormous wigs made of feathers, which in size completely correspond with the protuberant charms of the belles. An assembly of this nation, consisting of naked men with enormous wigs of feathers, and of girls with such calves of such an unnatural size, must exhibit as ridiculous a sight as a party of French ladies and gentlemen of fashion in the 16th century, when the former wore enormous artificial posteriors stuffed with horse-hair, and the latter, bellies of an astonishing size, consisting of cushions filled with husks.

The Achaguas reckon it one of the most charming ornaments to wear large artificial whiskers, covering one half of the face, and uniting on the chin. These whis-

kers are so durable that nothing is capable of removing them. The mother takes a fish's tooth as sharp as a lancet, tattooing with it the figure of a pair of whiskers on the lips, cheeks, and the chin of the child, and after having wiped off the blood, rubs on the incision with a black powder, which produces the figure of a pair of whiskers never to be effaced.

The Omaguas, a nation of the kingdom of Quito, make small syringes of gum elastic, one of which is presented to each of their guests when they give an entertainment. The omission of this act of civility would be looked upon as a mark of an utter want of good breeding, and the application of a clyster, in the presence of the whole company, before they sit down to dinner, is reckoned by them as necessary for the purposes of cleanliness, as the washing of hands on the same occasion in the eastern countries. The ancient Romans are known to have taken a gentle emectic during dinner, in order to make room for an additional quantity of victuals, a custom of which the fashionable world at Vienna are likewise accused by several travellers, though we have great reason to suspect this charge is utterly unfounded, and nothing but the effect of a foolish desire of saying something new, though at the expense of truth.

POLITENESS.

The Swedes pique themselves on their politeness, but far from being the polish of a cultivated mind, it consists merely of tiresome forms and ceremonies; so far indeed from entering immediately into your character, and making you feel instantly at your ease, like the well-bred French, their overacted civility is a continual restraint on all your actions.

It is impossible to change the manners when nature has unalterably formed the heart. We must be often perplexed with peculiarities we dislike, and attentions that disgust us, and it is not necessary to visit Sweden to find the same mistaken forms of politeness of which Mrs. Woollstoncraft complains.

ANECDOTE OF A ROMAN SENATOR.

When Vespasian commanded a senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side, the noble-minded man thus magnanimously replied? "Did I ever tell you that I thought myself immortal? My virtue is at my own disposal; my life at yours.—Act as you will: I shall act as I ought! and if I fall in the the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death than you in all the laurels that you wear!"

When Colbert, Prime Minister of France, a man of consummate talents, demanded of a board of

French merchants how he might best promote their commercial interest, they made this short reply, "*By letting us alone.*"

UNDAUNTED COURAGE.

Mr. Boswell, in his tour to Corsica, relates a remarkable anecdote which general Paoli told him. At the siege of Tortona, the commander of the army ordered captain Carew, an Irish officer in the service of Naples, to advance with a detachment to a particular post. Having his orders, he whispered to Carew, "Sir, I know you to be a gallant man, I have therefore put you on this duty which I tell you, in confidence, is certain death to you and your men; I place you there to make the enemy spring a mine below you."—Carew made a bow to the General, and led on his men in silence to the post. He there stood with an undaunted countenance, and having called to one of his soldiers for a draught of wine, "Here," said he, "I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle." Fortunately at that moment, Tortona capitulated, and Carew escaped, after displaying a rare instance of determined intrepidity.

The Abee —— was walking with Santeul one day in the king's garden, and mentioning a certain lady, was very extravagant in the praises which he bestowed on her. Santeul interrupted the Abbe, by observing, that there was still much left to say about her.—"What have I omitted to say," replied the Abbe. "That the lady has many traits of character which you have not mentioned, and none that you have, sir."

I never knew a *modest* man, said King James, make his way in a court. "*Pray, sir, whose fault is that?*" said David Floyd, bluntly, who was then in waiting at his majesty's elbow. The king stood silent, and corrected.

If, as Swift says, revenge is decreed against punning, the late George Selwyn was unfortunate indeed. So confident was he in his powers in this way, that he once bet a friend three guineas that he would produce a pun on *any given subject*. "Done," replies his friend, "*pun on the king.*" D——n it, (rejoined the witty George,) you know just as well as I do that the king is *no subject!*

That eloquent prelate, Jeremy Taylor, in speaking of marriage, breaks out with this rapturous description of it, not inferior to the celebrated apostrophe of J. J. Rousseau, "Femme, femme!"—"Mental love is a thing as pure as light, sacred as a temple, lasting as the world. That love that can cease, as said an ancient, was never true. Mental love contains in it all sweetness, all society, all felicity, all prudence, and all wisdom. It is an union of things excellent; it contains proportion, satisfaction

rest, and confidence. "The eyes of a wife are then," says this elegant and learned writer, "fair as the light of heaven; a man may then ease his cares, and lay down his sorrows upon her lap, and can retire home as to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and of chaste refreshment."—This passage reminds one of an anecdote that is told of Peter the Great, czar of Russia. He was a man of a most savage and ferocious temper; and when he became angry, his eyes flashed fire, and his whole frame was convulsed; yet no sooner did his lovely Empress Catharine appear, than he threw himself at her feet, and lay his head in her lap. Under the pressure of her soft and beautiful hands, the throbbing of his temples ceased, and he immediately became calm and composed.

Who can suppose men *naturally* virtuous, when in every country in the universe, there are laws and religion to restrain his actions, and to amend his disposition.

A king, said an old king of castile, has only one way of knowing his defects. Let him ride a mettlesome horse, and if he does not know how to manage him, he will most certainly be thrown.

We are all slaves to the law that we may become free, says Tully. Indeed, where there is no law, there can be no liberty. That licence which every one would arrogate to himself, would very soon destroy itself. Men, according to Goldsmith, are but too apt

"To call it freedom, when themselves are free."

That is, mankind naturally like to do as they please themselves, and to debar all other persons from that privilege.

A Spanish proverb against cunning is very excellent. "That man is a fool who does not consider, that, whilst he is thinking, a thousand other persons are thinking too."

As the world opens upon an ingenious mind, it will be apt to think that lies and deceit are more necessary in carrying on the affairs of life pleasantly, than truth and sincerity: but, however people may delight in traversing the faithless ocean in a gilded, crazy ves-

sel, they are themselves generally let in at length; whilst those who trust to unshewn, unornamented sincerity, withstand storms and tempests, and get safe into harbour at last.

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MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Theophilus W. Smith, esq to the Miss Clarissa Rathbone, all of this city.

On Sunday evening, by the rev. Dr. Miller, James Arrott, Esq. merchant of Philadelphia, to Miss Ann Stewart.

On Thursday evening, by the rev. dr. Miller, Mr. John Barry, to Miss Ann Lockwood, daughter of Mr. P. Lockwood.

On Saturday evening, by the rev. dr. Miller, Mr. Sexton Mount, merchant, to Miss Margaret Mount, daughter of Adam D. Mount, all of this city.

On the 12th ult. by the rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. F. Sprigg, to Miss Ann G. Zincks.

On Saturday evening, by the rev. Mr. Runkel, Mr. Michael Nestell, to Miss Clarissa Scribner, both of this city.

On Friday evening, by the rev. Mr. Chapman, Mr. Jonathan Seymour, to Miss Maria Lawrence, both of this city.

At Albany, on the 18th ult. Mr. John R. Bleecker, merchant, of that place, to Mrs. Linn, widow the late John Blair Linn.

At Greenfield, Conn. on Wednesday, the 1st inst. by the rev. Horace Holley, Mr. William Hoyt, jun. merchant, of Stamford, to Miss Harriet Hubbell, of the former place.

On Tuesday evening, the 24th ultimo, at Hardwich, sussex county, N. J. Mr. John Vanderen, to Miss Mary Shaver, both of that place.

At Hærlem, by the rev. Mr. Romain, Mr. Jeremiah Youngs, to Miss Maria Taber, daughter of Mr. George Taber, of this city.

On saturday evening last, at Newtown, L. I by the rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Richard Leverich, to Miss Mary Van Wickle, both of that place

On saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. John De La Montagnie, junr. of this city, to Miss Susan Stanley, of Boston.

On monday evening, by the rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. James Bryars, to Miss Mary Frame, both of this city.

On sunday evening last, at Wilton, Conn. by the rev. Dr Whitlock, Mr. Daniel Allee, of this city, to Miss Esther Hanford of the former place.

In England, on the 28th of March, Mr. Richard Harrison, husbandman, to Miss *Mary* Robinson, alias Hatfield, the famous Buttemere beauty.

POETRY.

How sweet of the girl we adore is the
smile,
The languishing glance of the eye;
As the warm throbbing bosom to LOVE
heaves the while,
Sensibility's eloquent sigh!

When Youth's timid blushes with Beauty are join'd,
And innocence governs the soul,
How sweet is the rapture it yields to the mind,
That bows 'neath their heavenly controul!

What extacy dwells in the virtuous embrace,
How divine is the soul thrilling kiss;
While the soft burning glow that suffuses the face
Still invites a renewal of bliss!

Then forever to penury, pain and disgrace,
May the infamous wretch be consign'd
Who would crop the rich roses from Beauty's fair face,
By polluting the innocent mind.

F.

On the Death of a lovely Child.

YES, while his smiles play'd round my heart,
And warm'd the life blood at its source,
How quickly flew the joyous hours,
Without a care to clog their course.

Where now the hours so blythe and gay
That lightly flew on pleasure's wing!
In memory's eye I see them rise,
And point the anguish of her sting.

Where now the smile that charm'd my soul,
The downy cheek, the sparkling eye?
All lost in death—doom'd to the grave,
In the cold grave my babe must lie!

Yes, in the grave—that lovely form
So often kiss'd—so oft carest!
The pleasing burthen of my arms,
And clasp'd with rapture to my breast.

Peace, memory! peace; bring not to mind
The smiles, the charms, that deck'd my boy;
Cold in the lap of death he lies,
And with him each maternal joy.

The hours that smil'd so late are gone,
Forever gone; but Oh! they leave
Of pleasure past the pallid shade;
The substance burried in the grave.

"*Io gli occhi a te rivolto,*
E nel tuo vezzosetto e lieto viso
Dolcemente m' affiso."
TASSO, Comp. Lirici, 1. 172.

AND dost thou ask why still so frequent flow
These sighs for thee, for thee, whom Nature blest
With every charm? Does not the mountain snow
With the fair lily heave upon thy breast?
Does not the rose shed o'er thy cheeks and lips
Its hues? and has not Ocean plac'd his pearls

Within those lips? Does not thy breath inhale
Fragrance from every herb and flower that sips
The morning dew?—Upon the passing gale
Wanton the tresses of thy golden curls,
Dipt in the sun's first rays; while from thine eyes
The star of eve its chastened lustre throws.
For these thy charms I sigh; but more I prize
The heart that true to Love, with Love's fond raptures glows.

From the German of Gesner.

Hail, Morning, to thy rising beam
That gilds with light the mountain's brow,
And shines and glitters in the stream
That winds along the vale below!

Joy, and health, and glad delight
Await thy steps, thy march pursue;
The Zephyr now that slept the night
In flowers that weep beneath the dew,

His plumes with new-born vigour tries,
And lifts him from his balmy bed;
And dreams that round the wearied eyes
Of mortals hover'd, now are fled.

Haste, ye Gales, and thro' the air
Waft the sweets from every flower,
And wave your wings around my Fair,
Who slumbers in yon rosy bower;

Pant o'er her lips and cheek's bright hues,
And heave upon her heaving breast,
And when ye've chas'd Sleep's balmy dews,
And gently burst the bonds of rest,

Oh whisper to her list'ning ear, (sky,
That e'er bright Morn had deck'd the
These streams beheld me shed the tear,
And heard me pour for her the sigh!

.....

THE MAN OF FEELING.

Exhibiting an exquisite specimen of modern pathos.

Ah! wither, *Stranger*, dost thou journey on,
With hurried step and wild exploring eye,
Thy wither'd cheek so pale and woe-begone,
Thy bosom struggling with the *deep-felt* sigh.

Ah! tell me stranger, wither would'st thou stray;
'Tis piercing cold, and chilly blows the blast,
The sky with murky clouds is overcast,
Portending, *wanderer*, an unwelcome day.

Say, *stranger*, is thy soul oppres'd with care,
Is thy *last, only drop*, of comfort gone,
What means that doleful groan, that vacant stare?
Ah! say what ails thee solitary one.

He heard—and thus with voice half-stifled, spake,
"Inquiring friend, 'tis 'tis the *belly-ache!!!*

He that is jealous is like him who is sick of an ague, and poureth in drink to encrease the source of his sickness.

As the crow thinketh her own birds the fairest, so the jealous man thinketh his own choice the most excellent.

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